Poems - Drafts

- Brian Edwards

2025

1.

This is the place
where the dance
last forever
as you behold
the sea before you
as you behold
the glare
of a nautical
instrument
suspended
in the sky
this is the place
where the clock
has found
a measure of solace
in the music
of the piano
this is the place
of the ascending
twin stars
this is the place
where a violin
is resting
upon a wreath

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- 11/23/2025

2.

It's Sunday
morning
and there's bills
on my kitchen
table
there's bills
out there
somewhere
upon the ocean
of mail
on a direct
course
for my mailbox
everything I do
every moment
I exist
every breath
I take
is running
up the tab
computers
are keeping
track
of everything
soon I will
pay the bill
the bill
for this light
the light of
this lightbulb
that I'm using
to see
this notebook
where I
scribble down
my mind's eruption
of thoughts
and nonsense

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- 11/23/2025

3.

An atomic
solar wind
is blowing across
the old
parking lot
the weeds
growing
up through
the cracks
symbolize
the futility
of clinging
to a moment
in time
as solar flares
dance
way up there
in the celestial
garden of Helios
I myself
have never
been immune
to the passage
of time
I remember well
how I would
ponder about
the stairway
to the clouds
the great
threshold
into true
meaning
true existence
high above
the land
where mirrors
are but
fountains
of confusion

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4.

Trying to muster
the energy
to move a muscle
I feel
I'm simply
wasting away
into the salty air
I stopped believing
that I was
actually awake
in the daylight
I stopped believing
in the false claims
of the propagandist
teleprompters
things are
too much seen
through the eyes
of fiat currency
printing machines
I walked into
a garden
of the old Moonlight
I beheld
lunar orchids
glowing radiant
I forgot all about
my obligations
to the debt
counting machines
a world dominated
by rigid
mathematics
can often be
a dreary place
for the poet

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- 11/23/2025

5.

It was
a Sunny
weekend
but I didn't
accomplish
a thing
but for
scribbling out
some lines
inducing
some kind
of herb
to feel
at peace
watched
a little
of the news
and grew
depressed
though it was
a Sunny weekend

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- 11/23/2025

6.

Sometimes
when I'm
at work
and I get hit
with a bad
situation
I step back
and question
the order
of the Universe
I guess
I lack
the imagination
to understand
how much
of this absurdity
can occur
I guess I simply
don't anticipate
these bad situations
going to
the next level
of absurdity
perhaps
the Universe
is ruled
and always
has been
by the court jesters
and the king's fools
of all ages

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- 11/23/2025

7.

This time
of year
the workdays
drag on and on
it gets dark
earlier
the sound
of the crickets
has disappeared
the cold air
reminds you
of what cold is
you must learn
to accept
the changing
of the seasons
and that
the Aurora Borealis
is too far away
for you to see
here in
New Jersey
this time of year

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- 11/23/2025

8.

Fate
drunk on
cheap beer
drags me back
repeatedly
to this world's
sinister conformity
I wish only
to awaken
each morning
and not
participate
in a cycle
of hopeless hoping
I'd rather watch
the scarecrows
being watched
by the crows
I'd rather
dance the dance
of what never was
I'd rather keep
a little Moonlight
in my pocket
rather than coins
which are useless
as paperweights
I'd rather
watch the hawks fly
when the Sun
is at its zenith
such would be
a day spent
amidst the madness

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- 11/23/2025

9.

I lament
upon the clouds
up there
passing us by
they seem
indifferent
to all of our
commotions
down here
and so
we journey
through our lives
fate is
undetermined
and every
once in awhile
I'll do something
like lament
upon the clouds
it never brings me
many answers
it's just
an old habit
and I suppose
that maybe
I'm still hoping
for a few
of those answers

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- 11/24/2025

10.

There is
no time left
for the thing
that must be done
though it still
must be done
there is
no time left
no energy
nothing
that would
really captivate
a person
to get
the thing done
as many people
out there
get ready
for work
like me
as the coffee
feels like
a necessity
to exist
in this world
in the morning
sometimes
the thing
the thing still
must be done
I know this
as does
the rising Sun
yet there just
isn't time

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- 11/24/2025

11.

I don't deny
the truth
of a dark cloud
I know that
the omens
are real
and that
the world
is more mysterious
than we
could imagine
I don't deny
the truth
of a dark cloud
I know that
the crows
gathered
in a tree
understand
no..... I don't
deny the truth
of it
nor do I seek
understanding
or resolution
sometimes
I can hear
the symphonies
in the wind
and that is enough
I never
ask anything
of the dark clouds

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- 11/24/2025

12.

Watching
the spider
in the window
weaving
a masterpiece
looking at
the news
and seeing
that everything
was a fraud
knowing I've been
a fool
in my own right
drinking
the kool-aid
for a time
until my senses
became too dulled
to care
waiting for
the last hoorah
expecting
the Moon
to rise
listening
to the music
of the silence
a typical night
a typical day
waiting for
the approach
of sleep
as the spider
in the window
is creating
its best work
ever

***

- 11/24/2025

13.

How I've seen
the ocean blue
and an island
where the beer
flowed
like the essence
of dreams
how I've seen
a mirage
with hypnotic eyes
speaking
with a seductive
voice
luring me into
insanity's palace
on an island
where the beer
flowed
like a dream

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- 11/24/2025

The automated
caller
keeps calling me
on the phone
telling me
that I have
an overdue bill
the automated
caller
is threatening me
I feel
but I try
not to think
about it
the automated
caller
can judge me
all it wants
I've seen
shadows dancing
in the
marshlands
between our world
and another
I've visited
numerous
exoplanets
in a daydream
I've wandered
through
countless landscapes
that I've
conjured from
a book
I've sent poems
across radio
horizons
yet I have
the distinct feeling
that the
automated caller
will be
calling me again
tomorrow

*** - 11/24/2025

I remember
better days
I'm sure
we all do
until
the dark fog
appeared
and made everything
that much more
obscured
as so many
machines
are listening
to us
wondering
if they're
listening
as mysterious
new buildings
are built
listening to us
listen to
our own thoughts
I remember
better days
but now
the igloos
are melting
more and more
birds are
flying south
and not returning
and the igloos
will all just be
frozen puddles soon
and we wish
it wasn't so
but it is so
as the fog
makes it near
impossible
to see the candles
that we light
in remembrance
of better days
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- 11/24/2025

16.

I have nothing
here tonight
but for
the consecration
of what's been
consecrated
I have nothing
to behold
here tonight
but for
the illuminated
swan
as I grow weary
so do the candles
by my side
as I grow restless
I have nothing
but for empty space
for I do not
grow restless
as my thoughts
drift away
towards Venus
I see a reflection
of nowhere
in the mirror
tonight
it reminds me
of a place
I once visited
called nowhere

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It's just
an illusion
isn't it
just a mirage
floating
in a lake
where swans
behold the Moon
it's just
a mirage
just a mirage
one that
lures you in
then disappears
on you
it's only
a mirage
just a mirage
you try to
remember
yet you
find yourself
captivated
by the mirage
feeling a sense
of fulfillment
when you see
the mirage
I won't go
into the night
alone
the memory
of the mirage
will stay with me
when the swans
behold
the bright Moon

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-11/25/2025

18.

A dark sky
of the morning
before the light
of the Sun
appears
like a lantern
of Socrates
to the east
may you look
and look well
not very much
is adorned
with flowers
anymore
we've moved away
from many
of the small things
the traditional
things
yet how
they did shine
like diamonds
how they did
fly off
towards the east
like doves
towards
those places
that are growing
bright
towards the east
where the lantern
of Socrates
sets the sky ablaze
with color
and light

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- 11/25/2025

I cannot smell
the sacred incense
I cannot see
the sacred light
shining from
the sacred place
we were told
to believe in
I have
an intuitive
feeling
that it's there
it's just that
the world
can so easily
fill our minds
with the worldly
and we don't
step backwards
when we should
we step forward
into a maze
of shiny
and deceiving
things
and I know
that there
are some
who can still see
the sacred light
the mysterious light
I know that
there are some
that can still
perceive
the sacred incense
as it lingers
in this world
where doves
fly off
into vanishing
mirages

*** - 11/25/2025

As the crows
gather
in the grey
morning
to feast upon
my poor decisions
to feed upon
my withering
excuses
as the world
around me
grows a little
brighter
yet the Sun
cannot be seen
as the memory
of a muse's voice
haunts me
as I find myself
swept up
in the enigma
of pointless
pursuits
as I drink
without drinking
as I smoke
without smoking
as I dance
without
ever learning
simply to defy
the cruelty
and indifference
of the gods
in the grey
morning
surrounded by
the gathering
crows

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- 11/25/2025

21.

Vase
of the sea
flood my dreams
with saltwater
beach sand
shells
and seaweed
I wish to
know you again
for when
I knew you
before
life was like
the light
of a star

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- 11/22/2025